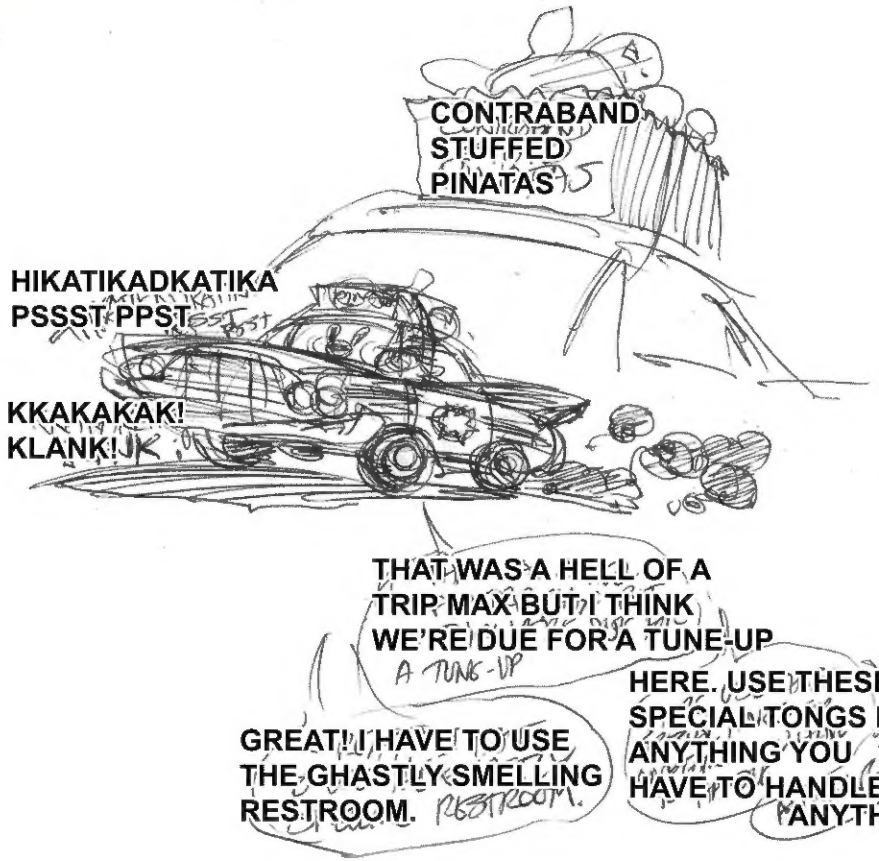
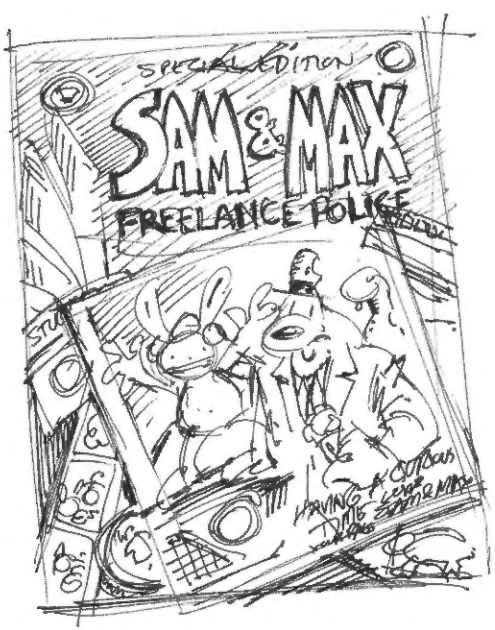
S&M

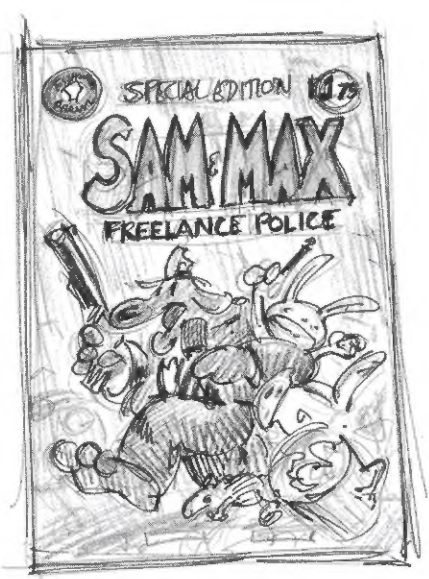
Introduction

Sam & Max have been Freelance Policing since the "Dawn of the Disco Era". The images in this book span from the duo's humble, barely-drawn beginnings all the way to the humble, slightly less barely-drawn present day. This sketchbook loosely follows the chronology of Sam & Max through the years. From homemade comics to officially published comics - a well-received computer game through a couple of ill-fated ones - an animated TV series, and most recently a new multimedia game still in progress. I've included characters who are still waiting for their shot at fame and the scratchy germs of ideas that will somehow be put to use if I live long enough. Many of these images have never been viewed outside of production offices or the dusty strata of my flat files. Enjoy.

Steve Purcell
2006

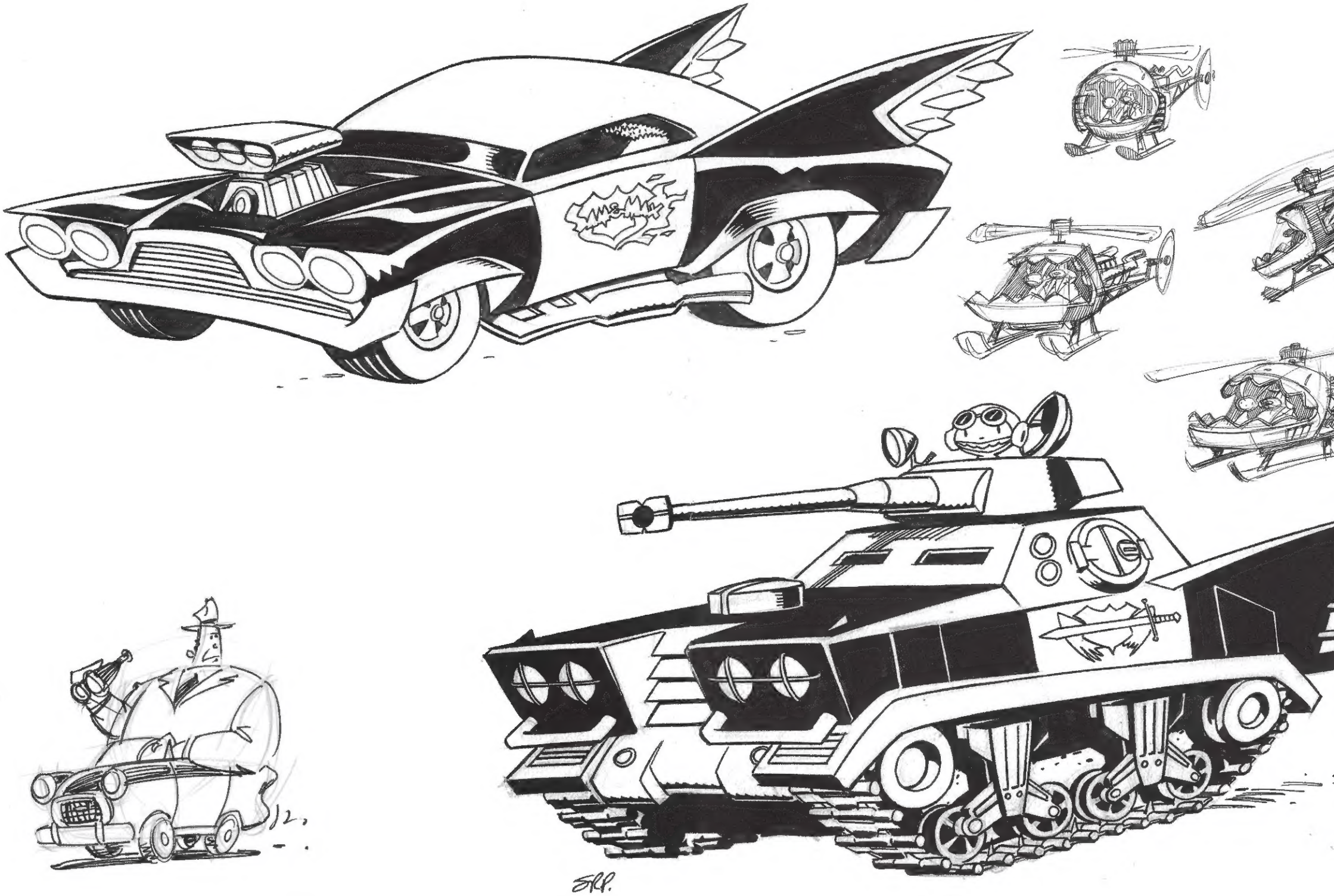

CONTRABAND STUFFED PINATAS
HIKATIKADKATIKA
PSSST PPST
KKAKAKAK!
KLANK!
THAT WAS A HELL OF A TRIP, MAX, BUT I THINK WE'RE DUE FOR A TUNE-UP
A TUNE-UP
GREAT! I HAVE TO USE THE GHASTLY SMELLING RESTROOM.
RESTROOM.
HERE. USE THESE SPECIAL TONGS FOR ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO HANDLE
ANYTHING?


SPECIAL EDITION
SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE


SPECIAL EDITION
SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

MY TWELVE DOLLAR COFFEE IS RUINED!
I AM KROTALUS THE CONQUEROR
HA HA GUESS WHO?
ZOOP!
HEY EVERYBODY LOOK THE PANTS(?) ALIGN YAH HAH HAAA!
LOOK AT HIS GOOFY SHORTS! LETS HAVE A BIG HAND FOR HIM FOLKS
SCREAM! GO PICK ON THE MAYANS
YOUR SLAVES NO LONGER FEAR KROTALUS THE CONQUEROR
PUNT
OOPS HE'S GOT A BIG FUTURISTIC GUN
I FEEL KIND OF BAD BEATING UP ON SUPERIOR ALIEN BEINGS
SO WHAT!
OKAY BEAT IT YOU CHEAP SPACE MONKEYS
YOU ARE FREE TO DO WHAT YO WANT! IF I WERE YOU I'D PAINT SOME MORE OF THOSE CROCODILE HEADED GUYS. I LIKE THOSE.
THEY'RE LEAVING! PRAISE TO THE GOD DUAMUTEF: ONE OF THE FOUR SONS OF HORUS A GUARDIAN OF THE STOMACH! (NO KIDDING, LOOK IT UP)
HA HA I STUCK POTATOS IN THEIR EXHAUST PIPES THAT'S TELLING THEM
THAT WAS A HELL OF A TRIP BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL WE'VE PERVERSED HISTORY SOMEHOW
WELL WE'RE BACK BUT I THINK THE DRIVER TOOK US THE LONG WAY. I DON'T THINK I'LL TIP HIM.
WHO CARES?
GOOD POINT LITTLE PAL
YOU BUST ME UP
THAT'S OKAY I LEFT HIM SOMETHING I WAS CARSICK ABOUT A BLOCK BACK

"THE GLADED MCGUFFIN AFFAIR"



SAM'S REGULAR NECKTIE COLOR

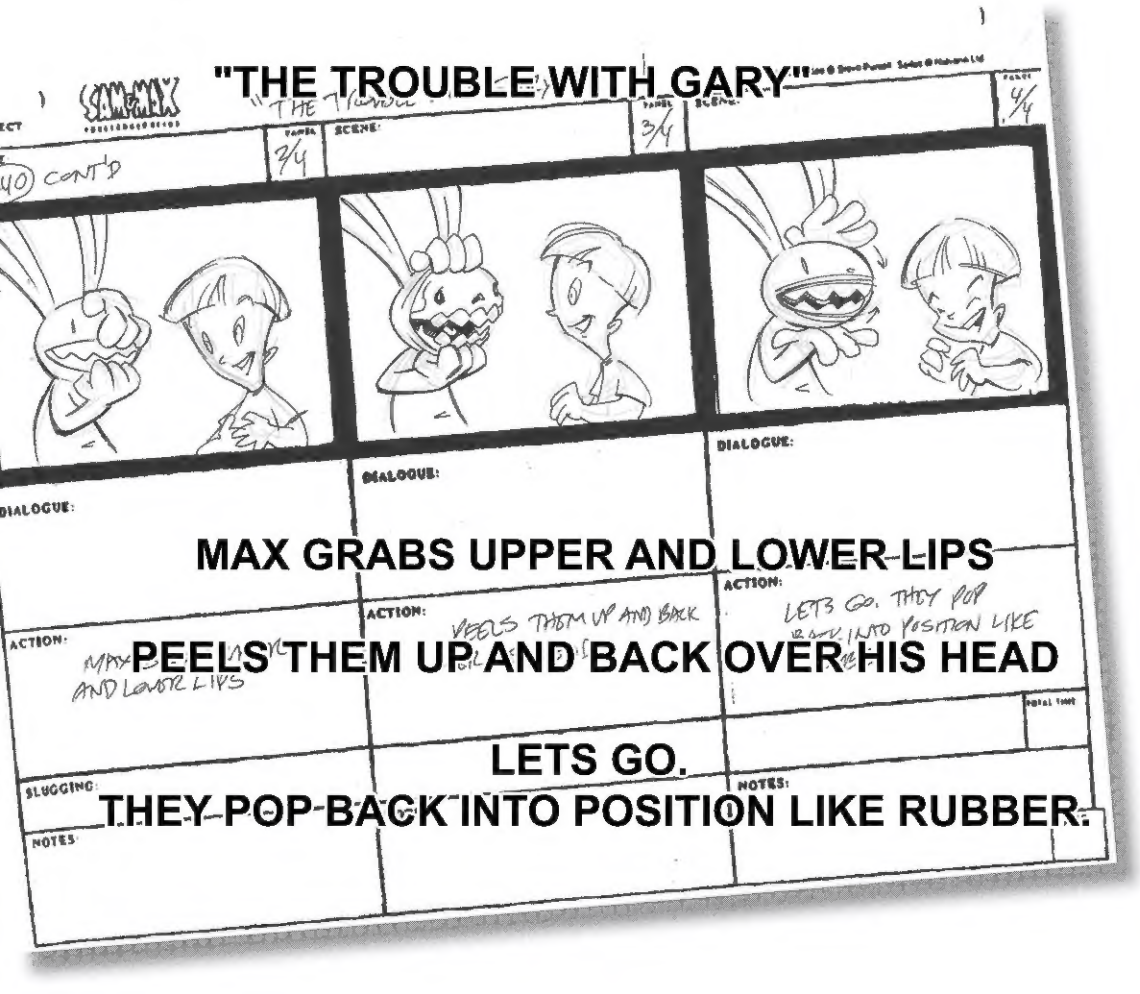
BLUE

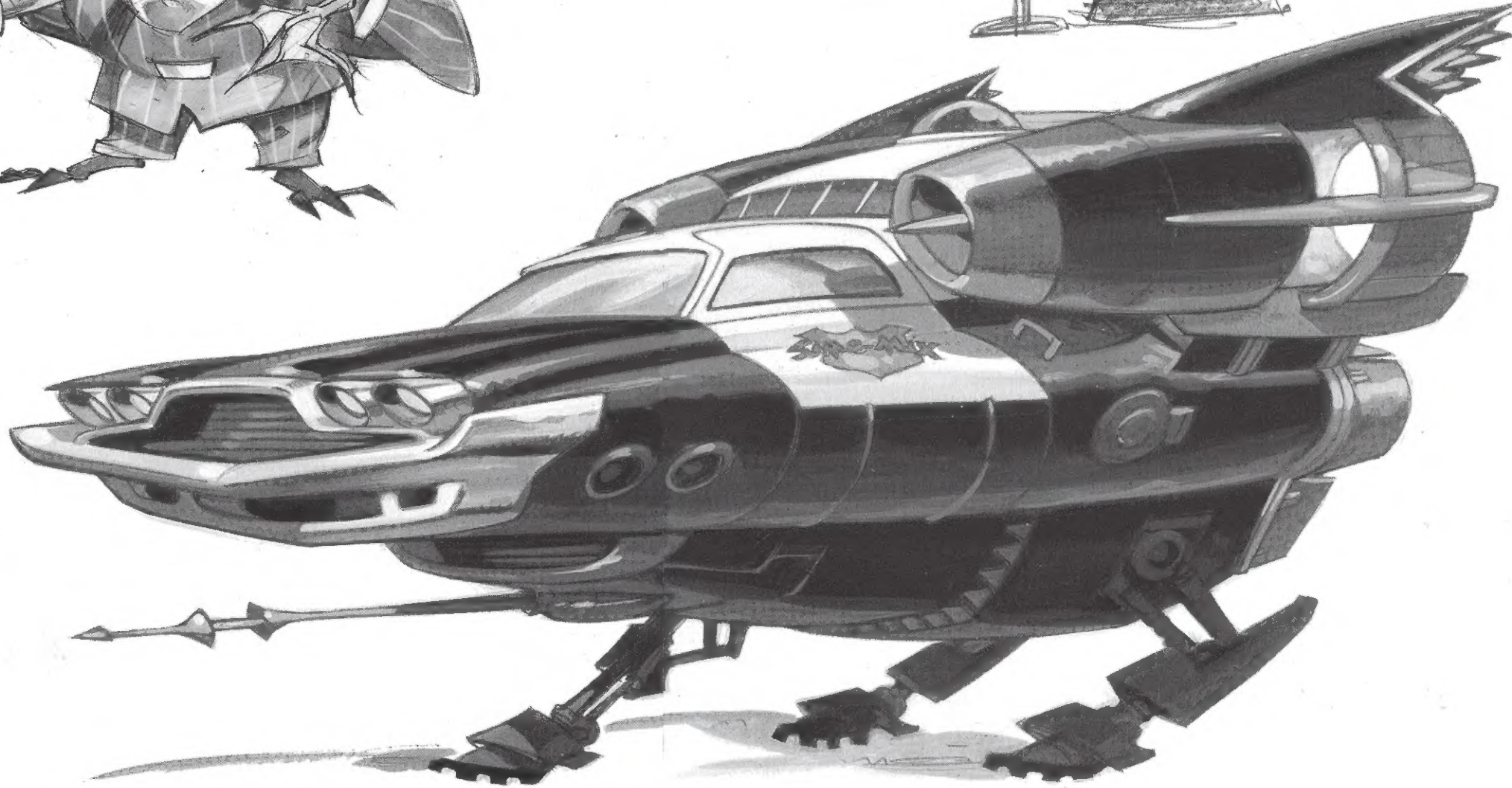
BLACK

"TELLTALETAIL"

CONSIDER USING THIS COSTUME IN PLACE OF SAM'S NORMAL STREET CLOTHES, SCENE 59 ON

(SAME COLORS AS HIS NORMAL SUIT)


"THE TROUBLE WITH GARY"
MAX GRABS UPPER AND LOWER LIPS
PEELS THEM UP AND BACK OVER HIS HEAD
LETS GO.
THEY POP BACK INTO POSITION LIKE RUBBER.



POOM
POOM
POOM
IT'S LIKE MY GRANDMA USED TO SAY WHEN SHE WAS ELECTROCUTING PRISONERS MAX. "CRIME IS AN INVITATION TO THE CRYPT."
LOOK AT THEM SCURRY LIKE PUPPIES FROM BATHWATER.
HEY! CUT IT OUT!
Ooh, IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME THAT THEY MIGHT WANT TO SHOOT BACK AT US.
PAY ATTENTION, LITTLE BUDDY! YOU WANT TO GET HURT?
KLANG
YES, PLEASE.
YOU KNOW, THE APPEAL OF THIS STUFF COMPLETELY ESCAPES ME.

ARE YOU AN INDEX PICKER OR A PINKY PICKER?

INDEX - BECAUSE WHEN I FORGOT TO TRIM MY NAILS I GOT IT IN SO FAR I SCRATCHED MY FRONTAL LOBE AND FOR THREE MONTHS I COULDN'T THINK OF THE WORD FOR "ORANGE."

YOU MEAN ORANGE?

WHAT?

COME BACK HERE YOU - - - - I'LL PINCH OFF YOUR PUNY HEADS AND PLAY GIGGLY OCARINA DITTIES ON EACH OF YOUR DYING SKULLS!

SEQUENCE # DATE ARTIST PROJECT

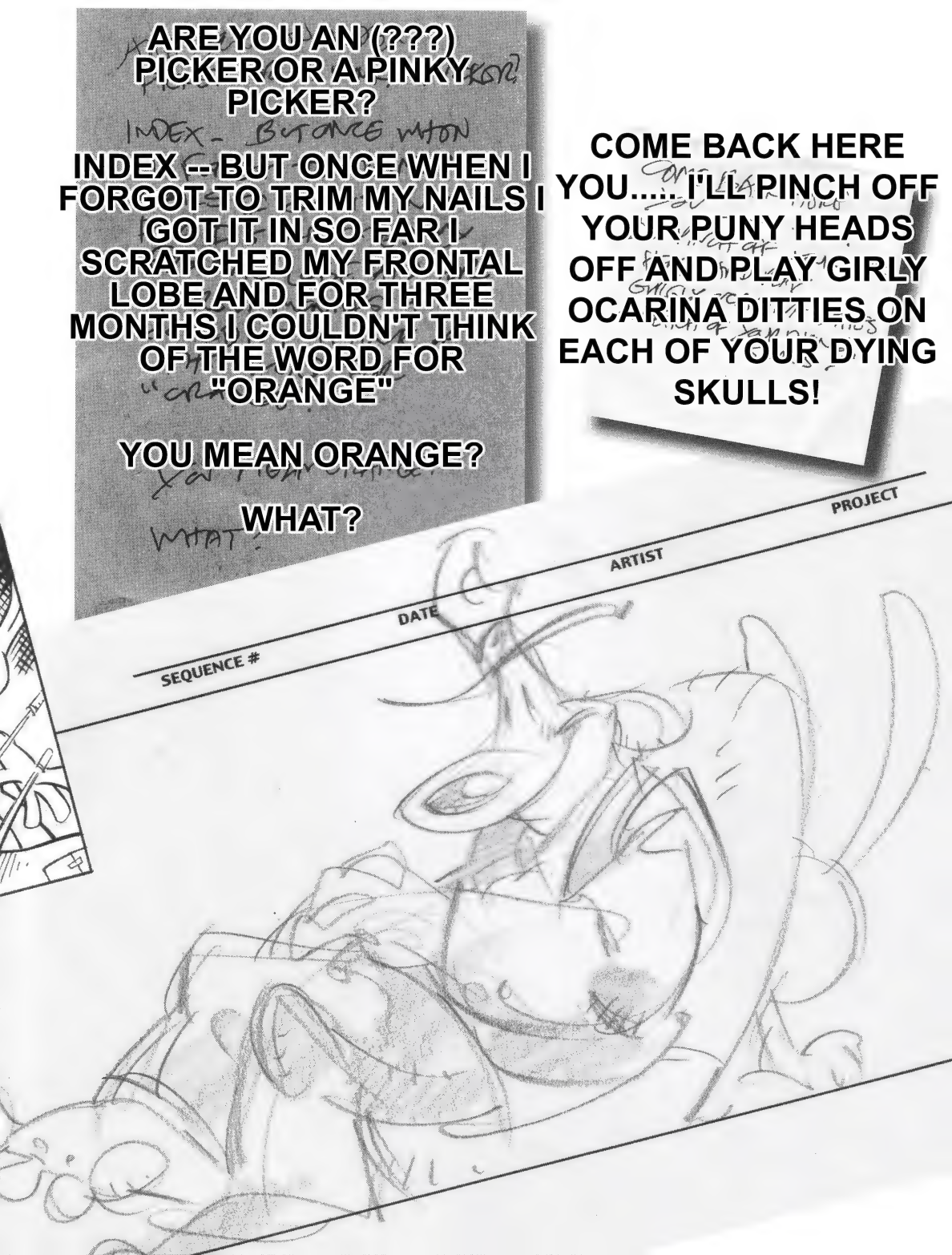
ARE YOU AN (???) PICKER OR A PINKY PICKER?

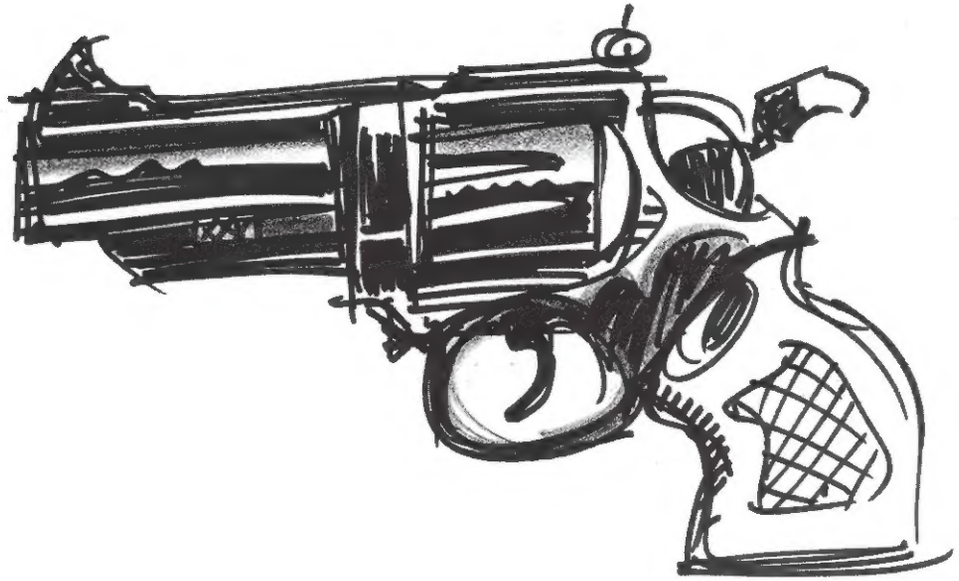
INDEX -- BUT ONCE WHEN I FORGOT TO TRIM MY NAILS I GOT IT IN SO FAR I SCRATCHED MY FRONTAL LOBE AND FOR THREE MONTHS I COULDN'T THINK OF THE WORD FOR "ORANGE"

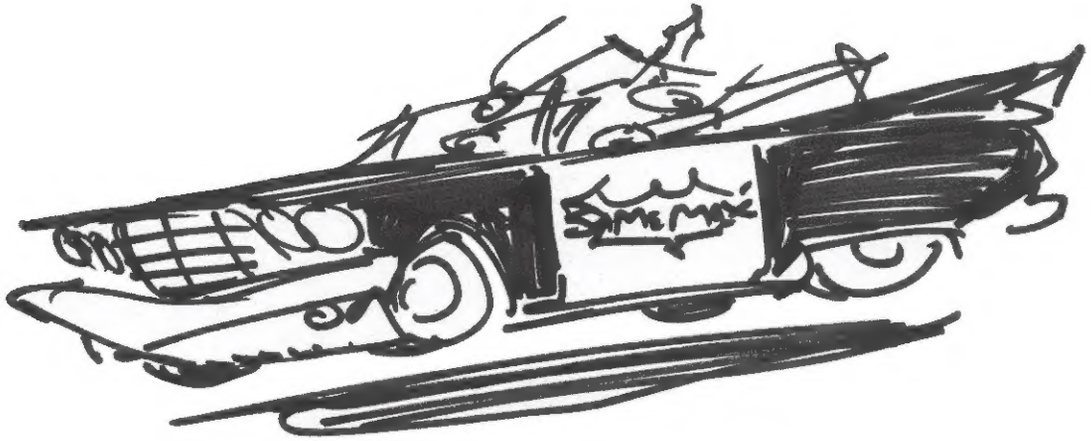
YOU MEAN ORANGE?

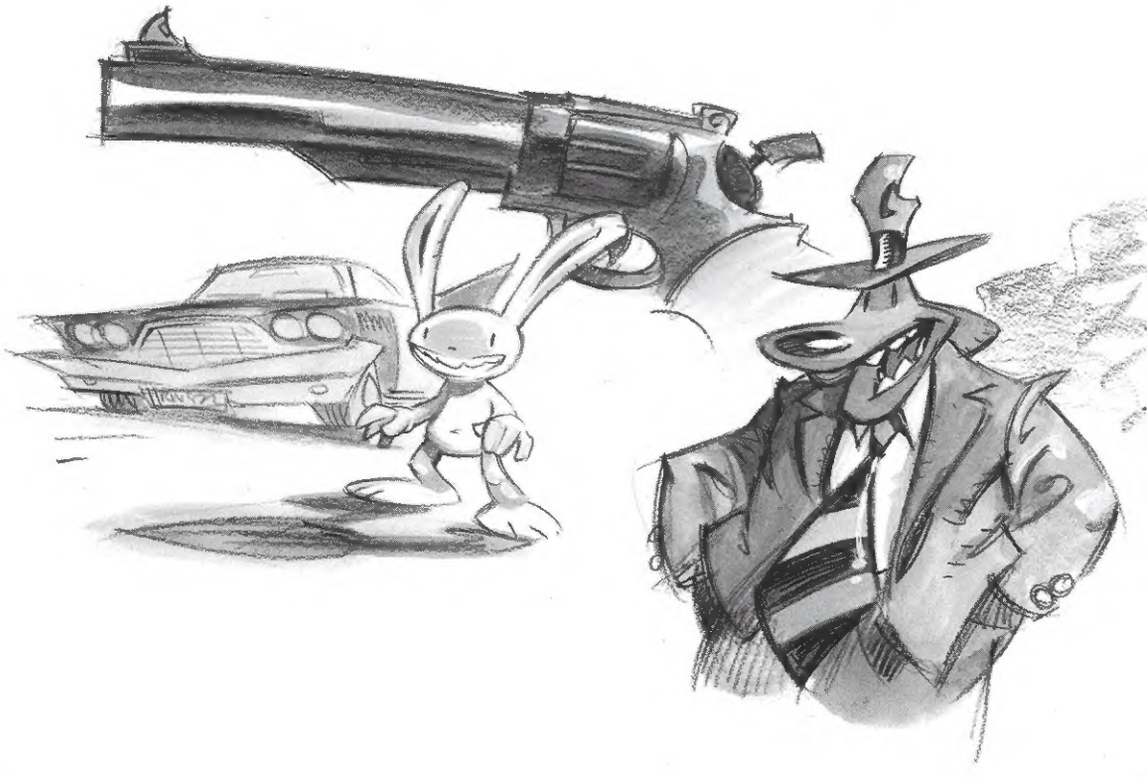
WHAT?

COME BACK HERE YOU..... I'LL PINCH OFF YOUR PUNY HEADS OFF AND PLAY GIRLY OCARINA DITTIES ON EACH OF YOUR DYING SKULLS!









-- What do you think lies around the corner for both of you?

Sam: Years of painful rehabilitation!

Max: I hope to someday obtain the status of a charismatic tyrannical cult-leader.

-- Do you think that Sharon Stone or Arnold Schwarzeneggar should narrate the documentary on your lives?

Max: Arnold. He's a Kennedy!

Sam: Sharon Stone is cheaper.

Max: That's not nice, Sam.

Sam: No, I meant... Aah, forget it.

-- Do you think that Godzilla is basically misunderstood or just a wild gal out for a good time?

Sam: I never really thought about Godzilla having a gender.

Max: Somebody should check underneath.

Sam: Someone really tall.

Max: With protective headgear.

-- How are Calvin & Hobbes doing? Have you two seen them recently?

Max: We were just digging for nightcrawlers! Honest!

Sam: Shut up, Max.

-- We understand you have taken Garfield into custody. What charges will you lay, and when do you intend to release him?

Max: We built that sandbox for underprivileged kids in the neighborhood!

Sam: Yeah! Some cartoon animals just don't have any respect for other people's property.

Max: Anyway, we dropped him off down at the clinic.

Sam: He may gain some weight but he'll actually be much more content once the stitches are out.

-- Is there a God?

Max: Several!

Sam: Do you realize that God spelled backwards is doG? Seems like something worth thinking about. Especially if you're a doG.

Max: REDRUM! REDRUM! Number 9! Madam in Eden I'm Adam!

-- What do you think was your most interesting fast food experience?

Sam: Max with his mouth over the triple thick shake machine emptying the contents down his cavernous maw. 5.2 seconds.

Max: Sam once found a human digit in with his curly fries. But do you think that slowed him down?

Sam: You should have pointed it out sooner.

-- What do you think the future holds for Sam & Max?

Sam: Our images depicted as plush toys sold in every airport gift shop on Earth would be good.

Max: We won't be satisfied until even <u>we</u> can't stand to see ourselves.

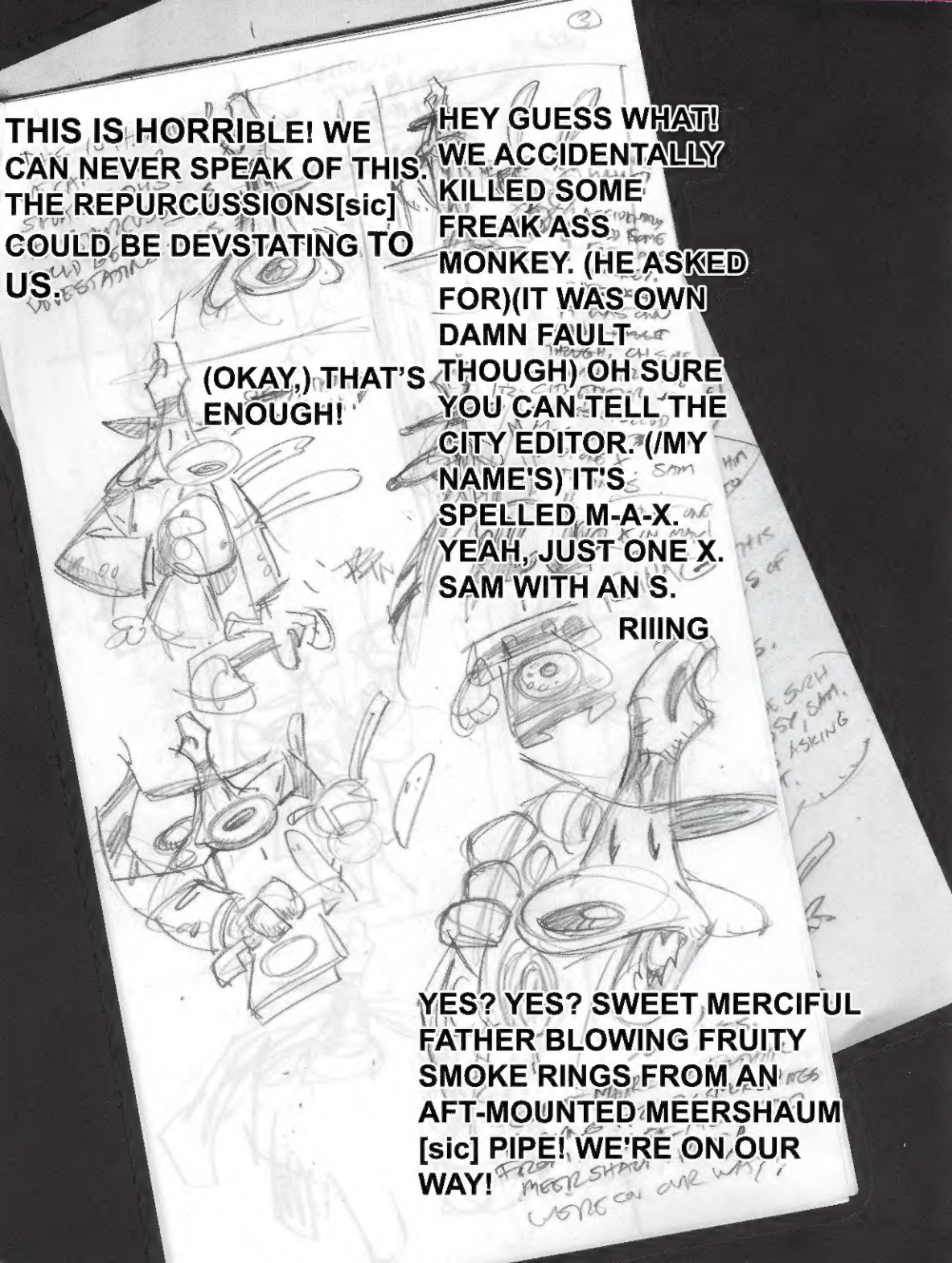
Where do you vacation when the commissioner leaves you a bit of free time?

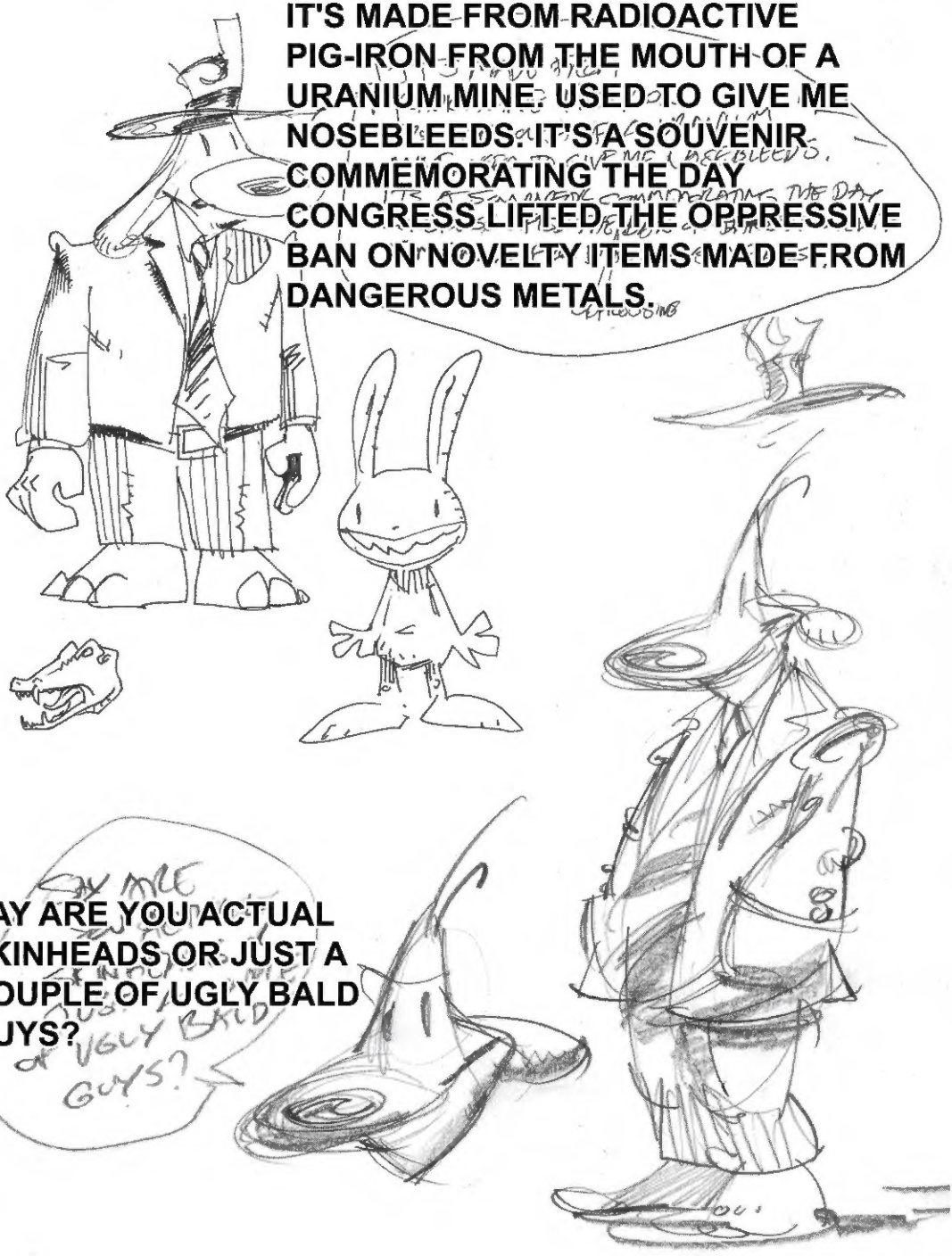
Sam: I like to go down to the boardwalk, stand at the bottom of "The Zipper" and wait for change to fall.

Max: When I press on my temples the world becomes a fantastic myriad of colors.

Sam: Did you say "myriad?"

Max: Sorry.


THIS IS HORRIBLE! WE CAN NEVER SPEAK OF THIS. THE REPURCUSSIONS[sic] COULD BE DEVSTATING TO US.
(OKAY,) THAT'S ENOUGH!
HEY GUESS WHAT! WE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED SOME FREAK ASS MONKEY. (HE ASKED FOR)(IT WAS OWN DAMN FAULT THOUGH) OH SURE YOU CAN TELL THE CITY EDITOR. (/MY NAME'S) IT'S SPELLED M-A-X. YEAH, JUST ONE X. SAM WITH AN S.
RIIING
YES? YES? SWEET MERCIFUL FATHER BLOWING FRUITY SMOKE RINGS FROM AN AFT-MOUNTED MEERSHAUM [sic] PIPE! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!


IT'S MADE FROM RADIOACTIVE PIG-IRON FROM THE MOUTH OF A URANIUM MINE. USED TO GIVE ME NOSEBLEEDS. IT'S A SOUVENIR COMMEMORATING THE DAY CONGRESS LIFTED THE OPPRESSIVE BAN ON NOVELTY ITEMS MADE FROM DANGEROUS METALS.
SAY ARE YOU ACTUAL SKINHEADS OR JUST A COUPLE OF UGLY BALD GUYS?